THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. APRIL 9, 1913

Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

THE WAY TO ABUNDANT LIFE.

O for a life so pure and true,
  So consecrated to Thy will,
That they who study me shall do
As I have done and better too;
  And so Thy righteousness fulfil.
O for the influence to lead
Some soul to higher thought and deed!

Then keep thy conscience sensitive,
  No inward token miss,
And go where grace entices thee;
  Perfection lies in this.
Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
  Love him as he loves thee—
Time and obedience are enough,
  And thou a saint shalt be.

—Frederick W. Faber.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manger is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

WHEN SHALL WE EVACUATE?

There is unreasonable excitement again in California over the ownership of land by Japanese, and the legislature is likely to take damaging action, especially so when the success of a great international exposition is yet problematic. The fifteenth biennial report of the Bureau of Labor statistics, issued at Sacramento a few weeks ago, does not show any alarming increase in the number of acres of land owned by Japanese.

In 1909 Japanese owned 10,791 acres of land in California. In 1912 they owned 12,726. This was an increase of 1935 acres in three years. The largest increase was in Fresno county, from 3,558 in 1909 to 4,476 in 1912. Sacramento county showed a decrease of 149 acres, being 593 in 1909 and only 444 in 1912. There was a decrease in Los Angeles county from 591 acres to 459. In Orange county the decrease was 116, leaving only 41 acres owned by Japanese in 1912.

At the present time Tulare county stands next to Fresno in the number of acres owned by Japanese, the figures for Tulare being 1053, which is an increase in three years of 475 acres. Since 1909 San Joaquin has climbed up from 100 to 652; Solana from 323 to 814; Placer from 319 to 732; Kings from 79 to 577; Yolo from 18 to 320. Merced county stands third now, with 1,049 acres. Three years ago it ranked second, having at that time 3,250 acres.

In Alameda county Japanese own only 47 acres—an increase of 6 acres in three years.

In Santa Cruz county the acreage owned decreased from 360 to 330. In Nevada county from 321 to 320.

Of counties not herein already named only three report Japanese ownership over a hundred acres: Yuba, 162; Napa, 160; San Bernardino, 150. While the total number of acres of land owned by Japanese in California was 12,726 at the close of the year 1912 the number of farms was only 331.

Notwithstanding these figures, which certainly give no good reason for alarm, some of our lurid talkers and writers have pictured the state as being soon in the tentacles of Japanese ownership if summary legislation were not enacted. Following some of these alarmists one would expect to see Governor Johnson evacuating soon the state buildings at Sacramento, and the seat of Senator Kent in the senate at Washington endangered. Indeed, both of these statesmen seem to be badly frightened—or something else.

We find further that only 218 town or city lots in the whole state of California are owned by Japanese.

As to leases it is not possible to get accurate figures, many of the share leases not being recorded.

November, 1909, there were 319 leases on record and the acreage thus covered was 20,294. Between November, 1909, and December, 1912, 282 leases were recorded, and the acreage thus included was 17,596.

Very nearly one-half of the leased land of record is in Sacramento and San Joaquin counties.

In Contra Costa county in 1909 there were five leases of record covering 1,237 acres. Only one was made during the three succeeding years, and it covered only 284 acres.

When shall we evacuate? Well, evacuation is not imminent if figures count for anything, unless our agitated and frightened people go to such lengths as to draw the Japanese nation across the Pacific on a shelling expedition.

THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.

The sentencing of Mrs. Pankhurst, a militant English suffragette, to three years' imprisonment at hard labor, it is to be hoped, will mark a turning point in the violent struggle for the elective franchise in that country.

At this distance from the seat of trouble, and with no deep insight into it, we are inclined to the belief that the government makes a mistake when it adopts the forcible feeding plan for the imprisoned women who refuse to eat. Why not let them die of starvation rather than subject them to such brutal handling as they receive when forcibly fed and resisting? Some of them will be killed in this violent feeding process, and then a greater cry will go up against the government than if they had been allowed to make martyrs of themselves by starvation. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst wrote a few days before her release: "I am fighting! Fighting! Fighting! I have four, five or six attendants every day, as well as two doctors. I am fed through the stomach tube twice a day. They pry open my mouth with a steel gag, pressing it in where there is a gap in my teeth. I resist all the time. My gums are always bleeding. I am afraid they may be saying that we do not resist, yet my shoulders are bruised by the struggling while they hold the tube in my throat. I used to feel I should go mad at first. I think they feared I was pretty near it, but I have got over that, and my digestion is the thing most likely to suffer now."

Late reports stated that the blood vessels of Miss Pankhursts's eyes were ruptured by the forcible feeding.

Sentiment is diverse as to the impelling motives of these militant suffragettes. A writer in the New York Times atraden replied: "I know personally and intimately most of the women who do these deeds of disorder. I have frequently seen them just before and immediately after they have done what they consider to be their duty in the militant campaign. They are actuated, not by drugs, but by a quiet and firm conviction that all constitutional methods have been proved to be useless in overcoming the prejudices of Englishmen. They are spurred on, not by hysteria, but by a deep sense of centuries of wrong and injustice, some slight hint of which has reached American women lately in the disgraced treatment meted out to them in their Washing-

ton parade. Whatever criticisms may be expressed in America on the actions of the militant suffragettes, there should at least be no mistake about the spirit in which these actions are done the spirit of calm, deliberate self-sacrifice."

We wonder how correctly Captain Amundsen, the discoverer of the South Pole, was reported recently when he was credited with the following: "The British suffragette is justified in the method she is employing to obtain the ballot. Englishmen have not gone beyond the Esquimaux in their knowledge of or treatment of women. They regard them as so many trained dogs, to be used for their pleasure or service, or as display advertisements of their success. If the women are rewarded with a bone, well and good. If they do not even get that, also well and good. They are quite right, these militant women, and I wish them every luck. Indeed, I'd like to help them in their fight for freedom."

This, unqualified, is an endorsement of violence and crime. Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of the Woman's Journal, quotes the British organ of the non-militants, though deprecating violence, as saying: "Every sincere suffragist shares the indignation which inspires the militant societies."

Miss Blackwell says in an article on "The Englishwomen's Grievances": Almost all American suffragists regret the form that the indignation of the militant suffragettes takes; but it is idle to deny that they have had enormous provocation."

Seven times a woman suffrage bill has passed a second reading, and seven times the opportunity to bring it to a third reading has been refused. This those in power have accomplished by what is called the unfair application of red tape.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

H. V. Rominger.

June 24th of this year will mark a century since Henry Ward Beecher was born, the eighth in a family of thirteen children, the most remarkable ever born on this continent, justifying the Boston saying, "The world consists of humanity in general and the Beecher family." Henry Ward himself said, "To have been born into the family of such parents as mine were and with such brothers and sisters as I had around me, I count as more than regal honor. It was more than wealth could have brought to me and more than anything else that I have received except the grace of God in my heart." This centennial is an event of Christendom, for Beecher like Wesley, Luther and Paul, belongs to the church universal. He was one of the great spiritual leaders of the race for whom humanity reserves its deepest love and its deathless memory. For half a century he stood in the pulpit and on the platform of this land, the greatest preacher, the greatest orator this continent has ever produced, perhaps the greatest preacher to the people the world has produced since the days of Paul. Inspired with a true message from the eternal he wielded an immense influence on the moral, religious and political life of his generation. He was the idol of the American people and amazed and fascinated all who ever came within the spell of his mighty eloquence.

The first time I ever heard Beecher was in a lecture at Allentown, Pa. A few weeks before in the same town I had the misfortune to hear a lecture by Theodore Tilton, the egotist and libertine who had tried to destroy Beecher. When Tilton came on the platform and looked around, his first words were: "The next time I come to this town I propose to bring a howitzer along and blow a hole through the roof of this room," referring probably to the bad ventilation of the place, but as introductory words they were a little queer. During the Tilton lecture, as the audience remained impassive, the speaker paused once and said, "Here is the place you should have applauded!" Next day I saw Tilton at the railway station, with long hair hanging over his shoulders, strutting up and down the platform as if to attract attention to himself. He was a vain, conceited fellow, once a protege of Beecher and writer of leaders for the New York Independent. In his crusade against Beecher he wrecked himself and died some years ago in Paris, unknown and forgotten.

Then Beecher came along to lecture in the same town. I had come as a theological student from Bethlehem, a few miles distant, to hear the great man. I hovered near the car platform as Beecher alighted. Some acquaintance greeted him with enthusiasm when Beecher asked, "Do you live in Allentown?" "No," replied the man, which seemed to please Mr. Beecher, who remarked, "I thought you had better sense!" Allentown is a place where a very vile kind of Pennsylvania German is spoken and some other unsavory things are connected with the place. Whether Beecher had any special acquaintance with the place or prejudice against it, I do not know, but well I know his magnificent lecture that night made an impression far different from that made by Tilton. With one listener at least the spell abides to this day. Later on, as a student at Union Seminary, New York, and teacher on Staten Island, I saw and heard and felt more of the genius and power of this marvelous man. He was great on the platform, but he was greatest and best in his own pulpit. I recall, as if in memory I could ever reproduce, the experience when I sat in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and Mr. Beecher thrilled me through and through, and opened to me visions of God and duty and truth with an eloquence and a pathos that appealed to all that was best and bravest and noblest in human nature, the memory of which I shall carry with me as an imperishable benediction throughout the mortal years of this life and out into the silent eternities.

A colossus of humanity was this great and grand man, who saw God and loved him, and who loved all men for the sake of God, and labored with heart and hand to break down the barriers of separation and to make all men love one another. The centuries will echo with his tread. His history is a heritage of wealth for his country; humanity is heir of what he did for liberty, and the souls of men will be the gainers in all time and for all eternity because of his life. His winged words went around the world, everywhere liberalizing thought, enriching life and diffusing sweetness and light. The ironclad wrongs and superstitions of the past melted away under the sledgehammer blows of this American son of thunder. He was a John the Baptist, heralding a new kingdom of truth—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Old truths you say, but it is the prerogative of genius in every age to make old truths living and burning once again in the hearts of men when those truths have become cold and dead. Nothing is more needed to be laid on the hearts of men on this Pacific Coast today than this same old truth.

As a philanthropist and patriot, Henry Ward Beecher has engraven his name for immortality on the stormiest pages of American history. He plead the cause of the slave and oppressed, of the Jew, the Indian and the Chinese, and helped to break the shackels from four million slaves with that soulful eloquence that thrilled two conti-

nents. To him men were everything; creeds, churches and institutions were only instruments, and the humanity to which they ministered was worth more than them all. Whatever men might be as to race or blood, trodden down by power and ambition, they were to Henry Ward Beecher not common nor unclean, but illustrious and glorious because of their alliance with God and immortality.

A STUDY IN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

John Wright Buckham.

So great an interest is now gathering about Mysticism and the mystics as interpreters of the spiritual life, that a brief account of the Mystic Way, as they viewed it, may be of help in living the higher life.

The mystical life is distinctly a life of intensity, of inner activity, of fulness, an "abundant life." Especially is it a life of onward movement, of progress. "No temperament is less slothful than the mystical one," says Evelyn Underhill in her fascinating book, Mysticism. It has definite stages, or periods of development. They can not always be detached from each other, nor do they always come in the same order. Yet they are, on the whole, readily distinguished.

The more definite stages of progress in the Mystic Way are four: Awakening, Purification (or Purgation, Illumination, Unification, or Attainment). The first of these stages, Awakening, is not always included. Thus the author of the Theologia Germanica enumerates three stages: "Now be assured that no one can be enlightened unless he be first cleansed or purified, and stripped. So also no one can be united with God unless he be first enlightened. Thus there are three stages: First the purification, secondly the enlightening, thirdly the union."

I. Awakening.

The mystic awakening of the soul is, as the term indicates, a sometimes sudden, sometimes gradual, opening of the inner eye of the soul to a transcendent reality. The manner of this awakening, the exact form in which this new reality presents itself, is as varied as are the individuals who experience it. To Paul it was a sudden revelation of Jesus. To Augustine it was a complete break with a sensual life, a response to the new life in Christ. To Dante it was a revelation of Heavenly beauty, the dawn of love. To Saint Francis it was a call of Christ and an espousal of Lady Poverty for His sake. To Catherine of Siena and to Madame Guyon it was a "wound of love." To Henry Suso it was a call of the Eternal Wisdom.

II. Purification or Purgation.

The new life brings with it a certain summons to action, to self discipline, a process of bringing the self into harmony with this newly learned Reality. This is what is known as Purgation or the Purgative Way. The self must be purged of its selfishness, its devotion to sense and the material world must be removed. Hence we find in the case of many of the greatest mystics, the most severe and often torturing self discipline. The devoted Henry Suso, one of the "Friends of God," who at the age of eighteen experienced his "commencement" and "turned wholly from things," went through harrowing self-tortures. In order to mortify his members he had made a garment filled with pointed brass nails, which caused him intense agony, especially in summer, and when he tried to sleep, so that he would cry out "O Gentle God, what a dying is this." This he continued to wear for about sixteen years. Next he made him a cross with protruding nails which he wore on his back day and night. "On a certain Whitsun Day a heavenly messenger appeared to him and ordered him in God's name to continue it no more. He at once ceased and threw all the instruments of his suffering (irons, nails, hair-shirt, etc.) into a river." Catherine of Genoa refused herself all food that she liked. Madame Guyon wore girdles of hair and held wormwood in her mouth.

How far these self-denials and asceticisms really furthered the life of the spirit we can not say. The motive certainly was right, whatever may be true of the method. Jacob Boehme's experience is suggestive. "I began," he says, "to fight a hard battle against my corrupted nature. Now while I was wrestling and battling, being aided by God, a wonderful light arose within my soul. It was a light entirely foreign to my unruly nature, but in it I recognized the true nature of God and man, and the relation existing between them, a thing which heretofore I had never understood, and for which I would never have sought."

Whatever the place of this discipline and the method of self-conquest, it is certain that every one who would live the higher life must fight his battles with himself, must learn to master his appetites and inclinations. When once this mastery over the lower self is won, then the relation of the senses to the spirit takes a new aspect. "You must tame the Green Lion before you give him wings," as Miss Underhill finely says. Those who have at length conquered themselves may, often do, find a new value in the sense world, a medium for the spirit life impossible before. Having mastered the sense world they may then find its spiritual meanings. But this the older mystics, as a rule, failed to realize.

III. Illumination.

To the soul that has thus entered the Mystic Way and is striving to be true to the heavenly vision come glimpses, revealings, "openings." Many and diverse are these visitations. Sometimes they take the form of mental insight and clarity which make truth most vivid and real. Texts of scripture stand out in peculiar light and beauty. Sometimes they make themselves felt as a great surging of love in the heart. Sometimes they take the form of visions. Suso who went through such great sufferings in self-purgation experienced equally, intense ecstasies of illumination. One of these he describes as follows (he always refers to himself in the third person): "He was alone after his midday meal, undergoing a severe suffering. Of a sudden he saw and heard what no tongue can express. What he saw was without form or shape, and yet had in itself the beauty of all forms, and all shapes. He felt the sweetness of eternal life in calm and silence. This experience lasted an hour or less, and when he came to himself again he felt that he had come back from another world and he was still full of divine joy, and felt himself as light as if he were soaring in the air."

Often these illuminations are closely related to nature. Such was the case with St. Francis. Miss Underhill gives a charming description of Rose of Lima, the Peruvian saint, and her duet of praise with the little bird. These joyous illuminations and visitations of the mystics are neither lawless nor meaningless. They come usually as the result of long and earnest contemplation. They follow psychological laws. Nor are they useless. They mean much for life. In the light of them the mystic goes on his way rejoicing. They impart to him new power for life and service.

IV. The Unitive Life.

Beautiful and ennobling as are the revelations which characterize the stage of enlightenment, it is not the final stage of mysticism. Those who never get further than this do not reach the goal, the Unitive Life. Blessed as the illuminated are, they are not yet stable, ripe, fruitful. Only as they reach the unitive life are they one with God. They are now centers of life in themselves. They abide, as the branch in the vine. Therefore they bring forth fruit. To reach this stage involves much of perservering progress, often deep agony and suffering. To reach it one may have to pass through the "Dark Night of the Soul." But when once attained it is the life to live. Peace and power, strength and joy, attend it.

One of the chief characteristics of the unitive life is its serenity; another is its child-like serene joy. To one who has reached this state of inner calm and peace, the circumstances and conditions of the outward life are of little concern. Dwelling in the secret place of the Most High he abides under the shadow of the Almighty.

The unitive life is apparently only a monotone. It is open to the charge of "automatism." "The worshipper who persists in the contemplation of the whole, thinking to establish himself permanently in the immediate presence of God, becomes an automaton, precisely as the determined worker becomes a machine," says Prof. Hocking, and he instances Madame Guyon. This criticism applies, however, to the passive quietistic form of mysticism only. The spirit-ruled life of the unitive mystic is not automatic or apathetic. It is characterized by a freedom that has gotten beyond friction, a calm that has transcended storm.

We have spoken of the positive and active stages of the Mystic Way. There are darker experiences, valleys of the shadow, through which most mystics pass, which, though in themselves godless, by the grace of God, prove in the end to be gain. They are what Bunyan called "the slough of Despond" and "The valley of the shadow of death." The most common and ordinary experiences of this sort may be called "Privation," or abandonment. The deepest and darkest—which comes far on in the mystic way—goes by the name: "The Dark Night of the Soul." "It is always darkest just before dawn," and this experience is often very near the dawn either of the Unitive Life or the Heavenly Life.

The Meaning of God in Human Experience.

This is generally regarded as an essential part of the mystic's experience. In itself it is deeply depressing. But when the gloom passes and the light returns, when God again visits the soul, what joy and peace! The very contrast with the signs of the absence of God makes the certainty and gladness of His renewed presence more gracious and more prized than ever.

Berkeley, California.

A VISIT TO CALIFORNIA MAKES A DAUGHTER OF BISHOP FALLOWS A SUFFRAGIST.

Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church has long been in favor of equal suffrage, but Miss Alice Katharine Fallows, his daughter, associated with him in various social and philanthropic work, has not favored it until recently. Certain experiences while visiting in California led her to change her views. Miss Fallows is quoted in The Woman's Journal as having said:

"What California women will do to the laws, no one, not even a weather prophet, would venture to predict, yet. But what suffrage has already done for the women themselves made a suffragist out of me.

"The prejudices I took West with me were the usual instinctive ones of the near-sighted woman quite contented with the conduct of her male relatives at home and in politics. You know what she says:

'A woman's mission is to be womanly. Her place is in the home. Her duty is to do her own work better before she tries to share the work of men. Let her settle her own servant problem. Her privilege is to influence votes, not to cast them.'

"Soon after I arrived in California, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, president of the Northern California Equal Suffrage League, who did as much as any one woman in the State to secure the vote for women, was a guest at luncheon. I took the occasion to air some of my reasons for not believing in suffrage. Mrs. Watson listened with the intelligence, sweetness and patience characteristic of her, but only smiled in answer. Afterward my sister, who had formerly shared all my prejudices against suffrage, took me aside and said firmly: "Believe what you said if you have to but do keep it to yourself out here. It sounds so silly. Do you suppose a woman is any less womanly just because she votes?" This after two years in California.

"I found she was perfectly right. Was one mother I visited any less womanly because she talked intelligently about the referendum and recall with her husband and boys while she darned their socks before the open fire, instead of about the petty little worries of a day on the ranch? Wouldn't you rather have a party of women drop their cards and forget their bridge game for a minute to discuss the bill about free text books for the schools their children attended than for the latest bit of scandal?

"The educational effect on the women was what especially interested me. The wider interest, the more vital self-expression, the greater tolerance, the better sense suffrage brought to the individual women I met would make it worth while as a mere experiment in increased human efficiency.

"It seemed wonderful to see women everywhere flocking to classes in current events and political science and the meaning of government, and enjoying them too, keenly, Passing through a forlorn piece of country one day, with few houses, far apart, my guide, whose work took him there often, told me that suffrage had simply transformed things for the women who lived in the houses. Before they had been dull-eyed and lifeless, almost killed by the monotony of their work and the absence of any real interest. Now they meet together for lectures and classes and political discussions: they sing over their work, and make home a place their husbands really like to stay in

'At a fashionable girls' school one morning it was a novel experience to see a learned professor from the law school interpreting the election to a class of girls as seriously and earnestly as if they had been boys, and to realize that it was the fact that they were embryo citizens that made them sit forward in their chairs and drink in the information so eagerly.

"To the women who organized to work in the Presidential campaign, whatever their party, I fancy, those weeks preceding the election gave a training in team work and the subordination of self in the interest of something greater that will keep them from ever being quite so personal and petty about their own concerns as they have been before."

"A HAVEN AND A HEAVEN."

W. N. Burr.

The "Someone" who says so many bright, quotable things has been on Catalina Island, and under the spell of its charms has declared concerning it in the terms with which I have headed this article; and the Congregational ministers of Southern California are quite ready to testify to the accuracy of "Someone's" declaration.

About forty of them went a-sailing in a steamer on the Monday after Easter, landing in due time in the harbor of Avalon, Catalina's only town. And there they stayed, most of them, until the Friday of that week.

Now why went they there, and what did they do with themselves after they got there? Their going was after this wise: That Prince of Good Fellowship who shepherds the flock of the First Church, Pasadena ——Fox by name, but trusty guardian all the same—fell sick during the winter, and was obliged to seek some quiet spot far from the madding crowd more than once. And though much of his strength came back to him, he knew that the special demands of Holy Week and Easter Day would somewhat pull him down again, so he arranged for an after-Easter "rest-awhile" by suggesting to his Southland brethren that they go with him for a week to Catalina. It seemed to some of them that he was jumping from one madding crowd into another, when he proposed that they all go trailing along after him to Avalon; but he plunged into the maelstrom of business offices after reduced transportation rates and other enticing bait, and came up with what he went after, like the Avalon divers after nickles; and when the day of departure came he had his desired following at his heels.

Arrived at Avalon the sunny face of the island pastor, Dr. J. M. Campbell, beamed a cordial greeting as the party crowded down the gangplank of the good boat "Cabrillo;" and then it was announced that the Avalon Church had arranged for free lodging accommodations for every man of them. And so they came to Avalon, where they found brethren, and were entreated to tarry with them four days at the least.

And what did they do for physical, mental and spiritual upbuilding during four days on the island? Ask, rather, what did they not do that was at all in keeping with their high vocation.

Every morning from 10:00 to 12:00 o'clock, and every evening at 7:00, they gathered at the Avalon Church to open their hearts to each other, and to get a clearer vision of "the big things of the Kingdom." "We are all so busy preaching 'Brotherhood' we have no time to practice it," said Dr. Fox at the initial meeting on Monday evening. "Now let's practice what we preach for four days, at least."

No program had been arranged for any of the meetings. Before each session two or three men were asked to be ready to say **something**—anything that might be pressing upon their minds that they would like to talk over with their brethren.

Dr. R. A. Torrey, Dean of the Los Angeles Bible Institute, unfolded the flag of his Congregationalism at the Monday night meeting. "I am a Congregationalist because independency is wrought into every fiber of my being," said he. "But I realize there is something we may miss because of our independency, and that is fellowship. We need each other. We need to open our hearts to each other. And that's what we are here for."

Rev. George Irving, late of Claremont, spoke on the Christian's need of holiness. "Why should not every professed follower of Christ ask himself, 'Am I willing to conform to the will of God? Am I set in my purpose to be more like my Lord? What ought I to do that will help me to be Christlike, that I am not now doing? Can we not make our prayer-life more definite? Can we not cultivate a deeper personal affection for Christ?" The deeper spiritual note was struck at once, and every session of the morning and evening meetings came like a page from the Sunday School Times. With no pre-arrangement whatever the discussions drifted into the realm of Christian mysticism.

Tuesday morning Dr. Torrey was heard again. "When God called us into the ministry," said he, "He bestowed upon us the greatest honor that can be bestowed upon human beings. But if we are to accomplish God's purpose we must be holy men, as George Irving said last night." Asked to define **holiness**, Dr. Torrey seplied: "1. Put out every **known** sin. Anybody can be sinless to that extent, but how many of us are? 2. Put out the **doubtful** things. 3. Not only the doubtful things, but anything that will rob you of one ounce of right influence. 4. Surrender your will to God's will. In all things ask, 'Lord, what will **thou** have me to do?' "

One Tuesday evening Dr. Kingman, of Claremont, was led to speak on the place of the **death** of Christ in the Christian experience of today. Not the place it ought to occupy, but the place it does occupy. In the discussion Dr. William Horace Day remarked: "I believe we stand at the threshold of a re-assertion of this great truth." The doctrine of the atonement was viewed in many lights by the different speakers, but the spirit manifested was that of the choicest regard for the convictions of others; and, after all, the thinking of these brethren was not so very divergent.

Wednesday morning one of the larger glass-bottomed boats carried the party up to the Y. M. C. A. Camp ground, about an hour's ride from Avalon over the submarine gardens. Arrived at the grounds the men gathered on a hillside near by the water, and when they were seated Dr. William Horace Day taught them, in a most tender, helpful talk on "The Minister's Problem of Shepherding." He spoke of the pastor as the winner of sheep into the fold, with special emphasis upon the care of the lambs of the flock; of the pastor as comforter, and as bishop or overseer of the flock.

A picnic dinner followed, and then games, target shooting, pitching horseshoes, ball-playing, tug-of-war, etc., until the boat came to carry the company back to Avalon.

That evening at the Church most of the time was given to Rev. H. C. Waddell, Superintendent of the Los Angeles Prayer Union, who spoke tenderly on "The Ministry of Prayer." People are sometimes rather shy of a man who holds himself to some special feature of the religious life. "One thing that we ministers ought to be doing," said Dr. Torrey at one of these "Retreat" sessions, "is to redeem the word **holiness** from the pit into which it has been dragged by some of its well-meaning but rather extravagant promoters." And so "the prayer-life" may become a mere shibboleth with some, a religious extravaganza. But Mr. Waddell is not of this mould. It would seem as if prayer were his "native air," his "vital breath;" but apparently he is able to "pray without ceasing" and yet not load his boat all on one side. Near the close of his address he said:

"Brethren, the practical man of prayer must keep himself in touch with all the forces of life. I read the books of the Christian mystics with great hunger of soul, and find great satisfaction in them. For instance: I feed with intense satisfaction on the teaching of Andrew Murray, but I often turn from Andrew Murray to the Saturday Evening Post or some such publication. One must vary his food once in a while or run the risk of coming down with a sort of religious scurvy." It was this spirit of deep conviction held sanely that characterized the addresses in these "Retreat" meetings from first to last, and made them forces for uplift.

Thursday morning Dr. Williams, of Redlands, gave a strong address on "Life." "It is the largest word in the English language," said he; "and it is the work of the Christian ministry to help people to fill up in their own lives that word 'live.' "

"Not mere numbers but **life** should be the aim of our Churches," said Dr. Kingman in the discussion. "Sometimes people of much faith are narrow, censorious, petty, cramped and crabbed they have **faith** but not an abundant **life.**'

Thursday evening Home Missionary Superintendent Ralph B. Larkin spoke on "The Revival of Mysticism." He was followed by Dr. M. H. Turk, the new assistant pastor of the Los Angeles First Church on "Theology and Evangelism."

Mel Trotter, of the Rescue Mission work, was in the house that evening, and was called upon for a message. He gave it effectively in real Mel Trotter fashion.

"Brethren, it's the thing that **works** that I want," he began. "If something **works** and you call it new theology then I'm a new Theologist; and if something **works** that you call Old Theology then I'm for the Old Theology; and if a little mixture of the old and the new **works** better than either one by itself then I'm for the mixture." Mr, Trotter paid a splendid tribute to the church.

The last meeting of the "Retreat" was held on Friday morning. Dr. Campbell gave a close searching, tender talk on "Prayer," and then Dr. William Horace Day led a closing service of prayer. Each man present was asked to state frankly the chief perplexities confronting him in the work of his church, and then some brother would lead in prayer briefly, definitely, for that church and that pastor—that the burden might be removed or more grace given to bear it. And so those men who had been in close touch with each other all the week came still closer together around the throne of grace. The deep joy of bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling the law of Christ was theirs.

"It has been a great meeting," said one and another. "It came nearer to Pentecost than anything that I have known in all my experience," said one.

I have used the word "tender" many times in writing this report, but I think I have not overworked that soothing uplifting adjective. It was tenderness, consideration, the atmosphere of Christian love in operation, that marked these days together, and made the week apart from the multitude a true "rest-awhile" season.

This "Retreat" is to be a permanent gathering of our Southern California ministers every year the week after Easter, with a meeting at the church each forenoon and evening, the afternoons to be given to rest and recreation.

La Canada, California.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The Rev. Dr. Scott and Calvary Church.

Numbers of old people who have been in California ever since the early sixties will never forget the intense excitement of those days regarding the events of the civil war. Among the most exciting of these scenes, which came near to tragedy was that in which the Rev. Dr. Scott, pastor of Calvary Church, figured prominently. The plot to preserve the balance between the free and the slave states by making two states of California had failed, but its bold and exasperating effect had not ceased, and there was great bitterness of feeling prevalent. There were a host of favorers of slavery here, and such terms as "rebel" and "traitor" were bandied freely. Dr. Scott had been a prominent preacher in New Orleans and had much sympathy with the Southern cause. This fact was well known and caused his sayings and doings to be carefully watched.

At this juncture, at the regular meeting of the Presbytery of San Francisco, a series of resolutions was introduced condemning the rebellion and strongly urging the moral support of the government. These resolutions Dr. Scott earnestly opposed, chiefly on the ground that the Presbytery, being a religious body, could have nothing to do with political affairs. In this discussion he made some statements which, however true they were, were in the circumstances very imprudent, viz.: that Jefferson Davis was no more a rebel than George Washington, and that he was just as truly president as Abraham Lincoln. The secular papers repeated these sayings with natural embillishments, and the city was in a turmoil. The supporters of the confederacy had kept very quiet for prudential reasons, and tha boldness of these sayings stirred up a strolg wave of popular resentment. Cries of, "Hang him!" were often heard, though no one offered him personal violence.

And now came on that notable Sabbath day. It had been much insisted that he should not be allowed to preach in Calvary church. But no one outside the church itself had any right to a voice in this matter, and they made no move to hinder his preaching. Soon after midnight, people began to gather in Bush street, but only, as they said, "just to see what was going on." Before the time for opening the church the street was packed—more than a thousand people, in great excitement, awaiting results. As soon as the doors were opened, they rushed in, packing the house, so that when the pew-owners came they found themselves nowhere, and Dr. Scott had great difficulty in making his way to the pulpit.

I should have mentioned earlier that the crowd in the street were not idle. An American flag was hoisted on the roof of the church where it had never been seen before, and another was wrapped about one of the columns in front. This a woman took down, because, though a union woman, she thought it desecrated the church. Had she been a man the crowd would have dealt harshly with her, but being a woman, she was spared and the flag was replaced. From a window in a prominent house across the street, hung by the neck an effigy labeled "Dr. Scott, the reverend traitor." A squad of police were stationed here and there about the church, but no rioting called for their interference.

The services of the church went on with no interruption. The sermon and the prayer were written out in full,

and read just as they were written. They contained no allusion to the crisis or the state of the country—a very wise course, for a spark would have kindled a flame. Another service was announced for the evening but the police interfered and it was not held. At the close of the service Dr. Scott had great difficulty in getting to his house. A carriage was waiting at the door, but the police had to use much force to get him into it, and only a display of their pistols drove away the stout men who held the horses. It was much to the credit of the people of San Francisco that no violence was done him, and no open insult offered, yet, under their breath many said, "Hang him!" The influence of Vigilance Committee days still survived, and men regarded law and order.

The whole scene was remarkable for the intense excitement among the people and their careful abstention from all violence. I doubt if the like was ever seen elsewhere.

A SERIES OF MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

A remarkable series of meetings was held in Los Angeles April 2, 3 and 4 by the Congregational Women's Missionary societies of Southern California. The occasion was the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California, the twenty-third annual meeting of the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, and the semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. Over two hundred delegates from out of town auxiliaries were present representing societies as far north as Oregon and Washington.

The attendance at all the sessions filled the Sunday-school room of the First church, and on two occasions when Dr. Edward A. Steiner addressed the meetings the large auditorium of the church was crowded.

Wednesday, April 2, was devoted to the Woman's Home Missionary Union. The program was of marked interest, deepened by the personality of the several participants. After the opening exercises of song and prayer, Mrs. Wm. Horace Day with beautiful dignity and grace extended the greetings of the Los Angeles churches in an address choice in sentiment and expression. Sister Unions gave further greetings by letter or address. The Union of the state of Washington was represented by its president, Miss H. A. McLafferty, of impressive personality, who convinced her hearers of Washington's appreciation and response to the needs of Home Missions by the statement that Massachusetts was the only state that contributed a larger amount to the cause than Washington, and that per capita Washington's contribution was three times as much.

Mrs. C. F. Sawyer of Long Beach presented the work of the Education Committee and prepared her audience to anticipate with expectant pleasure the intensely interesting program over which she presided in a later meeting.

The combined report of the secrteary, Mrs. J. H. Lash of Pasadena, of the Home Union and Foreign Branch, included the individual reports of all the many auxiliaries which necessarily demanded great length; but to the interest of the details Mrs. Lash added so much by her lively expression of them and her charm of manner, that attention was held to the end.

Rare interest was felt in the address of Mrs. Edward A. Steiner, who spoke on Immigrant Homes. Mrs. Steiner gave a vivid picture of the Slav woman in her home in her picturesque dress, brilliant with embroidery, her wonderful bed, her special pride, on which she lavishes all her care and taste in bedecking it with lace and embroidery of gorgeous color; her needs when she comes a stranger to this alien land, and the magic touch-stone which we may use to reach her heart and aid her in her perplexities. "Love her," the speaker urged, and know that beneath her strange exterior there is a heart worthy of love. This address of Mrs. Steiner was peculiarly timely as the women of Los Angeles are preparing already to meet the incoming tide of immigrants at San Pedro which will flow through the Panama Canal. Subscriptions and committees are now in readiness to care for the new work which was most ably presented to the meeting by Mrs. H. K. W. Bent of Los Angeles, under whose efficient direction the work is going forward.

The afternoon session was made interesting by addresses from former Union presidents, Mrs. Emma Cash Clapp, Mrs. W. J. Washburn, Mrs. Warren F. Day, who told of early beginnings and experiences. Musical selections by Chinese children, some of them not much larger than the orchestral instruments upon which they played, gave variety and enjoyment to the afternoon. Miss Pauline Barr of Los Angeles contributed special pleasure in a violin solo beautifully rendered.

The treasurer's report allied with the lively personality and contagious enthusiasm of Mrs. E. C. Norton of Claremont, was a thing of glowing interest rather than of dull figures. Following this Mrs. Norton immediately drove the interest home, on to the next year's work by distributing leaflets on which was printed the apportionment sum for each society which the Union hopes to contribute. The congregation was asked to read this distribution aloud and respond heartily.

The reading was interspersed by enlivening remarks on the nature and needs and successes of the several beneficiary societies by the Reverends Pond, Turk, Larkin and Case. These deeper voices of the men and the breadth of their information were a rich contribution to the program. To the budget of $7000 which the Union aims to raise for the Congregational societies, they are hoping to contribute $1500 to the City Church Extension Society of Los Angeles under Supt. Kenngott, and $500 for the immigration work at San Pedro.

Though the programme had been long, all were keenly awake to listen to Dr. Edward A. Steiner's address which followed, on "Service to the Unlike," given in his inimitable way and emphasizing this piece of advce: "Touch what you do not like and you will learn to love it."

A second address by Dr. Steiner in the evening glowing with wit and wisdom made a brilliant closing to the session of the Woman's Home Missionary Union. R. B. F.

Berkeley, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING SOUTHERN BRANCH OF WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P. was held in the First Congregational Church, Los Angeles, Thursday forenoon, April third.

It was an unusual meeting. The attendance was large and we had with us a number of officers of the W. B. M. P. as well as others from the North. Mrs. C. F. Sawyer of

Long Beach conducted a brief devotional service reading from the second chapter of First Peter and offering an earnest prayer for help and guidance during the convention.

Mrs. Mary P. Haines told the story of "One Hundred Dollars in Gold," this hundred dollars being a gift from the auxiliaries to Mrs. Williams, our president, on the fifteenth anniversary of her presidency. Mrs. Haines reported that the money had been used to pay for the cornerstone and surrounding masonry of the new Girls' Doshisha building at Kyoto, Japan.

After the appointing of committees and various announcements, Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Branch Treasurer, gave her report, showing the amount raised by the Southern Branch for missions this year $7980.24. Announcement was made that a missionary box would be sent in June to Mrs. Jeffry's school at Arrupokottai, India.

Mrs. Mary Lawrence in a very clever manner gave an account of the Christmas boxes which had been sent to Miss Mina Rice and had been so sadly delayed on account of the troublous times in Turkey.

Mrs. Warren F. Day was then introduced and spoke warm words of welcome to the ladies of the W. B. M. P. who were present and who were about to hold their semi-annual meeting in the same church that afternoon and all next day.

The Southern Branch then adjourned and gave place to an informal greeting to the guests from the North.

Pasadena, April 5. F. R. L.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The Southern California Branch and the Los Angeles churches gave the officers of the Woman's Board a most cordial reception at the semi-annual meeting, held in the First Congregational church, Los Angeles, on Thursday and Friday, April 3rd and 4th. The session opened Thursday afternoon, Mrs. R. B. Cherington, our president, presiding. Rev. Wm. Horace Day made the opening prayer.

Two topics were presented, "Programs and Programmers," and "Our Work for Young People and Children." All the speakers seemed inspired, and gave many valuable hints and suggestions.

Mrs. George H. Ide of Pasadena gave the first paper on "Programs and Programmers." She was rich in ideas herself, but had gone to no end of trouble to get ideas from others in all parts of the country, and we wish for the benefit of every leader of an auxiliary that her paper could be printed in full. Here are a few nuggets: "As a bride's program calls for 'something old, something new,' a missionary program should call for the same." "Best programs are made by level-headed women, who pray and think and study." "Scripture, prayer and music should bear on the subject of the hour." "We must make missionary meetings as interesting as club meetings." "Better to get the gist of a subject and give it in one's own words." "Exchange programs with other auxiliaries."

Mrs. A. E. Larkin of Los Angeles took up the subject of the "Relation of the Auxiliary Officers to the Program" in a delightful way. Mrs. J. F. Loba, of Ontario, followed with wide-awake ideas of "Who shall make and who shall participate" in the programs. Mrs. E. B. Allen of Pasadena told of the "Accessories" necessary to make a successful meeting. Mrs. C. F. Sawyer of Long Beach took up Young People's Work. She has been doing special work along this line for some time, and for this past month has been visiting many Sunday schools and Young People's societies and had definite suggestions to offer. She said in part, "Our educational forces should be so strong that they would develop every talent in the child. The time is ripe for a long, forward, definite step along educational lines. There should be a missionary superintendent in every Sunday-school, and some plan carried out fifty-two Sundays in the year, with certain studies for certain months."

One of the greatest treats of the entire session was listening to Miss Romala Adams of Long Beach, who modestly, yet vivaciously and feelingly, gave an account of her work in the Sunday school along missionary lines. She has been most successful and finds that story-telling is the greatest factor in arousing interest. Young people demand color, vividness, and dramatic expression, and will listen to stories when study and missionary literature fail to bring forth a response.

Miss Mary Henderson, also of Long Beach, and a most successful Sunday school teacher of an advanced class, told of her methods. The class is organized; has its officers and committees to be called upon as necessary; finds suppers twice a month, when they can bring their friends, most conducive to sociability and wonderful in their results. She has also made a study of interesting missionary books, and gave a splendid list of ten books, which, if owned by the teacher and loaned, are much more sure of being read than if they had to be obtained from the library.

Mrs. Holmes, the mother of the pastor at Venice, told of the work of the Junior church at that place, which is something new, and succeeding beyond any one's dreams.

The Friday morning session was opened by devotional exercises, led by Mrs. W. W. Ferrier of Berkeley. Her subject was "Life," and everything she said was most original and inspiring.

Then followed an impressive memorial service for Mrs. H. E. Jewett, for thirty-three years one of the directors of the Board and for ten years its president. A fine paper had been prepared by Mrs. J. K. McLean, and the spontaneous responses from many who had known and loved Mrs. Jewett were very beautiful. As long as the Board of the Pacific exists, it must ever be grateful to her, for her years of loving devoted service.

The rest of the morning session was given to the reports from the officers, the chief one of interest being that of the Foreign Secretary, Mrs. E. H. Wagner. Everyone listened eagerly for the latest news from the field.

The opening devotional services of the afternoon were conducted by Mrs. Geo. W. Castor in her usual winning way.

Such a feast of good things as followed in the five missionary addresses! Each one so interesting that the audience was loath to let the speaker stop at the end of the allotted twenty minutes.

We first heard from our greatly loved Miss Mary H. Porter of Peking, who gave us three or four pictues of the "Lights and Shadows of China's New Day." How the old barriers are disappearing and how anxious the Chinese seem to be to follow American customs! Shall Christians lead the way?

Dr. and Mrs. James D. Eaton of Chihuahua threw much light on "Mexico's Unrest." The best people are peace-loving, and deplore the present troubles, which are being

carried in by a small percentage of the Mexicans. "The intervention Mexico needs" is not by the U. S. Government, which would only bring about "forced peace," but a knowledge of the power of God's love.

Mrs. George B. Cowles of South Africa was to have led us "In the Track of Livingstone," but she could not do so satisfactorily in twenty minutes, so she told us the life history of a black man, whose centenary would never be celebrated, except in the Book of Life. "He wore only a smile for eight years, and only two aprons after that for many years." For thirty years he tried to be a Christian, alternately wearing trousers and doing Christian deeds of kindness, and then going back to heathenism and wearing skins. But he finally conquered, and at his death, his sons all promised to lead Christian lives. Dr. Morris H. Turk, the new co-pastor of the entertaining church, brought the soul-uplifting sessions to a close by a talk on "Whom having not seen, we love."

To be present at these meetings was a joy and inspiration, and every auxiliary should receive an uplift when the delegates report. J. L. B.

Berkeley, Cal.

PROFESSOR SHAILER MATHEWS.

One More Social Mind Needed for Our Age.

We are indebted to our Pacific Theological Seminary for the splendid lectures on the social aspects of Christian Doctrine. Dr. Matthews traced the development of doctrine through seven stages, teaching the general law that each age creates its conception of God and Christ, of atonement and salvation, according to the dominant ideas of its time. We now think in terms of the economic, scientific and democratic.

So far, so good; but we are also thinking in the realm of metaphysics. We interpret religion in the light of psychology. I fancy I hear an E. T. Earl lecturer at some early future time declare: We have thought in religion through seven grades of social mind, and we are now in the eighth called the psychic.

Dr. Matthews sees a faint streak of this day dawning. Said he on Thursday evening: "There is no sin, but folks live contrary to law and bring trouble on themselves and others." This truth is "the counter mind" of today. We not only agree with Anselm that God did not pay his son to the devil as a ransom for those who wanted to leave Sheol, but there is no personal devil. If God has all power, no one else has any except God gives it. Either the devil is only a name or else he is what he is by power from God, in which case he is a partner of the Almighty. It is said: An axiom is so self-evident a truth that the human mind cannot conceive the opposite. May we consider a few axioms.

Sin is counterfeit of something good, and therefore is not what it claims. Max Muller says of the Hebrew and Greek words in the Bible which we translate sin: "There lies in these etymologies the deep conviction that man, in sinning, has never attained what he sought, that sin is essentially a delusion and a fraud." If this is true, say so clearly. Sin is a shame, a mask, a gay deceiver. Let us riddle the sham, tear off the mask and expose the deceiver.

This is why sin cannot satisfy. "Fall down and worship me and I will give you all these kingdoms." "Get thee behind me, Satan." Satan has no kingdoms and therefore can give none. The sinner eats apples of Sodom, full of ashes; he drinks salt water; he chases the rainbow for its pot of gold.

Sin is misused good; it is excess virtue. Back of every vice is a virtue. Grain exists first, then liquor; life, then murder. Sin has no inherent existence. Truth, beauty, symmetry, order are in the world without man, but no sin lives independent of some human. This is not saying there is no sickness, crime, and consequent sorrow, but these come from some one believing a lie. You shall be gods—they obey and instead of journeying God-ward, they are excluded from the standing and joys of Eden.

In the light of a psychic age, what kind of God and Savior, atonement and salvation do we need! Paul announces the social mind for our ages. If you desire virtue and commendation, think of whatever is true, pure, lovely and of good report. J. B. ORR.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—At a communion service held last Sunday two persons were received into membership.

Oakland Boulevard.—The Rev. H. V. Miller of Mill Valley has accepted the call from this church and will enter on the work the first of May.

San Francisco, Richmond.—One was received into membership on confession of faith last Sunday at the regular communion service, making two members received during the acting pastorate of this church by Rev. Geo. H. DeKay. Mr. DeKay has been giving a series of evening talks on "Unfamiliar Books of the Bible." The next two Sundays the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. A. C. Avery of Blaine, Washington.

Suisun.—At the quarterly communion service on April 6th five young ladies united with the church on confession, three of whom received the ordinance of baptism. An unusually large number of disciples received the communion, and the occasion was very encouraging to the church. On Easter Sunday infant baptism was administered to one, and in the evening the Sunday school gave a fine Easter and Livingstone program. Easter Sunday was also made a missionary rally day, which added about fifty dollars to our regular duplex envelope collections for missions. Our Sunday morning congregations are good, but the evening is not so encouraging. Matters at Suisun are looking up, however.

Pacific Grove.—Mayflower church has had special advantages recently, thanks to the College Y. M. C. A. Conference being held here. Many of our people heard Dr. Shailer Matthews in his conference addresses, and most of the men of our church and the other churches, with great profit, heard him and Pres. C. S. Nash at a meeting of the Federated Brotherhoods. Rev. Albert W. Palmer gave a splendid address at our mid-week prayer meeting to eighty of our people; and Secretary Ben M. Cherrington of the State University Y. M. C. A. came over to another of our meet-

ings to tell us of Christian work in the University. Both he and we are rejoicing in the promised coming of Dr. Raymon C. Brooks to Berkeley. Dr. A. E. Steiner's one address to the Conference men was given in our church. On Sunday five new members were received, two of them coming by letter.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Paul Douglass, one of the secretaries of the American Missionary Association, will be in California soon and will spend some time in the interests of the work.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will attend the Immigration Board meeting in the Y. M. C. A. and there will be no regular meeting. The following Monday a paper will be read by Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary.

ACTIVITIES IN MYRTLE STREET CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The Myrtle Street Congregational Church is a very busy church these days—in fact has been one for the past seven months, and will always continue to be one. Fifty-five new members received in that time is proof. The several branches of activities are like beehives—always humming.

Special features have sometimes been introduced into the church services, thus aiding in attracting the people. The young people are a help in this. On a Sunday evening they dramatized the instances recorded in John. A "Good Cheer Service" has been held on the last Sunday evening of each month, at which has been presented short and snappy reports from each one of the different departments of the church showing the progress made during the current month. These reports are inspiring and are conducive to a continual reaching forward for better things.

For the Ladies' Aid Society enough cannot be said. Among other things, they became responsible for the necessary carpeting of the new church auditorium, and are also proposing to take entire charge of fitting up the dining room, in fact, they are always busy.

The Christian Endeavor Societies, three in number, are doing their share also. Their histrionic ability is used in many ways, in the church evening service, as already mentioned, and recently, during Passion Week, in commemoration of David Livingstone, the search for him by Henry Stanley and the finding of his body was dramatized at the Wednesday evening meeting with good effect.

The young ladies of the church have banded themselves into a guild to do special work—that is, through entertainments and other means to create a fund with which to procure a pipe organ for the church which is very much needed. Their first entertainment is to be held in the very near future, and the organ can be seen already.

The Sunday-school is divided into two sections—meeting at 9:45 and 12:30—each to accommodate those who cannot attend the other. The morning school was organized last October with ten present and now it numbers 110, with an average attendance of 80. The second section, meeting after the morning preaching service, has an enrollment of 62 with a average attendance of 40. New members are initiated at a special Sunday-school meeting held on a week night once a month.

The Men's League—the youngest activity, but not the least—is making itself felt in various ways. The membership now numbers 30. Two dinners have thus far been held with that number of men present at each. The first was addressed by Mr. Walker of the Green Street Church, San Francisco, whose talk regarding his work among the Italians was an eye opener. At the last one, our friend, Mr. Wikoff, talked on Congregationalism, and its various auxiliaries, which was very instructive to all.

WASHINGTON.

Spokane.—The Rev. Bryan C. Preston has gone on a visit to Texas.

Rosalia.—The Rev. Isaac McCrae has closed his labors in Rosalia and has gone to California.

Deer Park.—The open Door Congregational Church, Deer Park, observed Passion Week. Nine members received at communion service April 6th. Extensive improvements in equipment to be undertaken in the near future.

Seattle, Columbia.—The Rev. C. H. Wirth who has been in charge of Pilgrim Church, Portland, Oregon, the last year and a half has accepted a call from Columbia Church Mr. Wirth came from the Methodists to the Congregationalists. He was ordained in 1909.

Spokane, Pilgrim.—Rev. Elmer E. Burton, formerly of Missoula, one of the Montana Yale band, has begun his services as pastor of Pilgrim church, Spokane. He has received a hearty welcome by the church and congregation, and by the Spokane ministry. We bespeak for him a pleasant and prosperous pastorate.

Tacoma, East.—After Rev. A. D. Shaw, Ph.D., had concluded his first year as pastor of East Congregational Church of Tacoma, Wash., the church voted to improve and remodel their house of worship, also to add extensively to its equipment. Contracts were let and last week the following improvements and additions were completed: New concrete foundation for church. Repainting and decorating interior and exterior of church. New heating plant; remodeling church; added a new social hall, kitchen and two new Sunday school rooms; also ladies and men's retiring rooms. Built a concrete gymnasium for boys and girls of Sunday school. Also painted and remodeled parsonage. This church has now a magnificent equipment for taking care of the spiritual and social operations for the advancement of the kingdom.

REV. DAVID F. WATKINS.

Jonathan Edwards.

The excellent article of Rev. John Doane, of San Diego, Cal., on the above missionary, was highly appreciated and greatly enjoyed by me, and I thank him heartily for it. I was gratified that it was so admirably supplemented in the following Pacific by Dr. Pond. There are several reasons why I should be especially interested in the subject of the articles. We were born in adjoining counties in Wales, he in Glomorganshire and I in Monmouthshire, and so near the line that I attended school in the former shire. We came to this country about the same time. He being five or six years my senior, I was quite a youth when I first met him

in Providence, now a part of Scranton, Pa. But he impressed me from the first as a young man of sterling qualities, and an earnest Christian worker. I found after he left when I became active in church work, that he was considered one of the brightest and best young men that was ever connected with the church. I am quite sure that it was there he was first recognized as a preacher in the peculiar and unsurpassed manner of the Welsh churches. If a young man exhibits an earnest Christian spirit, and becomes active in church work, the church passes a resolution to ask him to preach before the church several times to find out whether he has the necessary gifts. The preaching is done in the weekly meeting for the first three or four times and the texts are given him. If not satisfactory it ends there, but if satisfactory he will have the privilege to preach on Sundays and a resolution is passed, that it is the opinion of the church that the young man is called to preach the Gospel, and that they will do what they can to encourage and aid him in his preparation for the work of the ministry. I began my public work in the same church that Mr. W. did, now known as the Dr. Jones Memorial Church, Scranton, Pa., where some of my people are yet members. The companion of Mr. Watkins to California married a cousin of mine, the ceremony being performed by Dr. Pond, and I have seen his worthy name framed in one of the parlors of Scranton. I corresponded with my cousin and her husband when they were at Nortonville, Cal., and they often referred to Mr. Watkins as coming there to preach when there were many Welsh people working in the mines. Thus I was able to keep somewhat in touch with him during those early years. A younger brother of his, Rev. Thomas R., who died a few years ago, while on a visit to his home were my warm friends for many years. When I entered Bangor Seminary in 1873 I saw the picture of Stephens, the martyr, in the Missionary Herald, and it it is now one of my scrap books, Mr. Watkins' birthplace is known wherever there is a Welsh Congregationalist. It was made noted by one of the most scholarly Congregational ministers of his day, Jones (Pen-y bont) Bridgend, the author of a splendid Welsh Bible dictionary. To the influence of such men as he is due the fact that Glomorganshire, as well as all Wales, is by far the most Congregational country in the world. D. F. Watkins can be counted among the great Welsh missionaries: Williams, the martyr of Eromanga; Griffith John and Dr. Richard of China, Roberts of Africa and Dr. Jones of India. I can understand how hard it was for Mr. Watkins to be dictated to by autocratic officials in far away Boston. I am gratified that Dr. Pond referred to the blunder they made and thus lost the services of one of the best missionaries of the past generation. He was a genuine Welsh Congregationalist, and hated ecclesiastical machinery and extreme officialism. I well remember having a pleasant interview with Dr. Benton on the boat on Puget Sound in 1887, I believe, following the first Pacific Coast Congress at Portland, and he pronounced the action of the American Board in relation to Watkins as a big blunder. He said with emphasis: "They did not know the man." We are all thankful for such lives as that of David F. Watkins, so thoroughly consecrated to the service of the Master. "His works do follow him." May God bless and comfort his widow and relatives.

It's nice to be treated like one of the family—in some families.

CAROLINE PARKER.

Caroline Parker passed into the other world Friday, March 21st. Mrs. Parker was eighty-six years old. For many years she was the parish visitor of the Third Congregational Church, and will be remembered as a faithful Christian worker. She came to California in 1854 by way of the Panama. The ship on which she sailed was stricken with cholera, and one of her brothers died. She inherited the characteristics of one of the best families in New England. In Boston she was a choir singer in her early days, and was a member of the old Thomas Beecher Church. At the age of twenty-seven she married. Mrs. Parker had that element of genuine piety about her which showed itself in Christian service. During the years of my pastorate in the old Third Church she rendered invaluable service as parish visitor going out among the people discovering the needy ones, helping the unfortunate, comforting the bereaved, and in every way re-enforcing the work of the pastor. She had tact, sympathy, and enthusiasm, and ceased her work only when the earthquake shattered the church and the fire left only a heap of ruins. She was a faithful worker in the Ladies' Aid Society and did excellent service among the children of the Sunday-school. She was a beautiful Christian spirit—a Dorcas working with her needle, a woman with the two mites doing what she could, a devout follower of the Christ breaking the box of alabaster of precious ointment upon his head in a life of sacrificial devotion and love. Her last days were spent in illness which was endured with patience and faith. She came down to the mystic river sightless, but now "sees no longer through a glass darkly but face to face." Of such is the kingdom of heaven. In lives of such modesty and simplicity and devotion the kingdom of God is established. She did not often appear in public, but when she spoke her words were freighted with a genuine spiritual power, and the people who were in the habit of attending the midweek meetings at the Third Church will remember the depth and force of her thoughts. I desire in these few words of interpretation to reverently remember my dear friend, Mrs. Parker, who was such a gift of God to me in the days of my busy pastorate in the Third Congregational Church, San Francisco. Her funeral was held in the Mission Congregational Church on Easter Sunday, the pastor, Rev. George Laughton, conducting the service.

WILLIAM RADER,
Pastor Calvary Presbyterian Church, S. F.

A REFUGE FOR GIRLS.

The California Refuge for Girls has been active during the past year in helping young women who have desired to make a new start on life. Girls from the Barbary Coast, hospital, court and jail have been received and have been helped back to strength and a new hold on life. Each girl's story is a sad one and when the details are known it is not hard to believe that they have been often on the verge of suicide.

The experience of the year past has proved to the Society that there is a very large scope for work in San Francisco, and with the enactment of the Red Light Bill largely increased facilities will be required to meet the situation. A plea is being made for gifts that a larger house may be purchased or rented and that the income may be increased to meet the enlarged demands.

Mrs. M. Berry Goodwin is the president of the society, and Miss Agnes Schumacher, 1335 Pierce Street, San Francisco, is the treasurer. Contributions will be greatly appreciated and will be applied directly to help the girls who

want to be good. The Christian standard is upheld in the Home and that the girls may know the Savior's love is of first importance.

The Board of Managers is composed of women who are members of evangelical churches, among whom are Mrs. E. R. Lewis, Mrs. Geo. H. Moore, Mrs. W. J. Fife, Mrs. A. J. Alvord, Mrs. C. M. Volkman, Mrs. Frank Werner, Mrs. Wm. R. Werner, Mrs. S. S. Rounds and Mrs. Stella Lamont.

The Home.

WANDER THIRST.

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye;
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for a friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail way;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky!—Gerald Gould.

THE DAILY FRICTION.

I ran across an expression a while ago that has stuck to my memory very tenaciously: "The Fretting Friction of Our Daily Lives." That puts in seven words the ground of most unsettlement. Not many of us are "done to death by an enterprise of the first order," as Dr. Watson insists. Most of us can keep our patience and cheeriness well in the large things of life. It is the nagging annoyances and chafing littleness of every day that fret us and wear us out. Some of our unhappiest days are made unhappy by events that are so petty we can hardly catalogue them. It is not alone the loss of a large amount of money that can unsettle us. It is also the slamming of the office door and the carelessness of the serving maid and the blotting of the manuscript and the miscarriage of a letter—not one of them important in itself, but all finding us nervous and irritable and ready for wreck.

Dumas tells of the interview between Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, when the queen learns of the evil things that are charged to her and reproaches the king for withholding punishment from the offenders. His reply is a chronicle of many an annoyed life: "We are bitten, stung, irritated, by we know not what enemies. We ferret them out expecting to find a serpent, a crocodile, to kill or to crush; and we find instead an insect so mean, so base, so despicable, that we dare not soil our hands by touching it, even to punish it." And much of our unsettlement in heart comes from conditions which are so petty, we would not alter them if we could. We are ashamed and abashed as we think what we have done in losing our poise and balance over such a thing.

A few years ago in one of our magazines there ran a story which showed a man strong and self-contained for the most part, who one night cast himself down under the trees of the orchard, digging his fingers into the soil and pressing his face painfully against the ground, hating and despising himself the while for his weakness and unmanliness. The worst of his sorrow was the evident weakening of his own heart and will in the presence of trouble which he should have commanded.

"The fretting friction of our daily lives"—how shall we overcome it? Can we not do it by mere strength of will, by steady self-control? Yes, sometimes. We yield much too quickly to our moods. The time comes when we almost defend our wrong deeds by saying that we were in this mood or that. Yes, but the mood needs defense. We waked in the morning unsettled and irritable, and we knew it. Why then did we not keep close rein over ourselves? Why did we let ourselves go when the danger appeared? The old law contained a quaint expression of this very duty in its statute which held an owner responsible if he knew that his ox would gore men, and yet did not restrain him. The day when our tempers are ugly and dangerous is the day when we may not yield without greater condemnation.

But we cannot always get that self-control by mere force of will. There need to enter into our lives some larger things. We need to feel ourselves in the presence of some great steadying power.

Have you not always had a little touch of sympathy with Martha in that colloquy with Jesus about Mary? Suppose Martha had done what Mary was doing, suppose she had allowed her ministry of preparation to go undone, and had settled down at Jesus' feet that day—would not many have suffered? And ought she to have been rebuked for her busy life, crowded and pressed with duties? Ah, but that is not the point at all. Martha is not rebuked for that. The account says that Martha was "cumbered," annoyed, worried, nervous, with much serving. Mary was sitting at Jesus' feet. But Jesus was there for Martha as well as for Mary. She had a right to the inspiration of His Presence just as truly as had Mary. And she was leaving out the element of rest and peace which was most needed. "That good part"—what was it but the joy of the presence of Christ? Martha was none too busy, nobody ever is. But she was too much burdened, too anxious, too worried. It did not quiet her to have Jesus there. He was actually just so much more burden in her busy life. Paraphrase the reply of our Lord: "Martha, Martha, you are busy and anxious about a great many things. You have many duties to your household and your guests, but you lack one thing, a better thing than you have, more needed than all the rest. It worries you to see Mary sitting here at My feet. But what you need is to put just that element into your own busy life. You cannot sit here, for your tasks are other, but you must often pass and repass this place. I am here for you as truly as for Mary, and you may have the steady influence of My presence as you hurry about, saving you annoyance, sparing you anxiety, releasing your nervous tension." That is the large meaning of the few words of Jesus. No one who has been a guest in a home where he felt his presence added more of burden than it brought of joy can fail to understand His feeling.

Is there any need of our lives greater than the realization of that quieting, steadying Presence? We have not too much to do. If we feel that we have, let us take a fair survey of our lives and ask if there is anything we can give up. Are not all our labors only opportunities spelled in shorter word? But the harassed life is the hampered life. We cannot stop and sit at Jesus' feet. (I have always hoped that Mary got up at once and took her part in the serving.) But as we go about, busy and eager, we can catch the inspiration and peace of His Presence, even though we cannot stop to sit down before Him.

One evening when I was urging something of this sort at our prayer-meeting, my friend, President George B. Stewart, was present and added the beautiful word that the mission of the Church is to keep in mind, in this burdened, struggling, suffering old world, that Jesus is sitting in the midst with His quietness and calmness and peace. Certainly it is the service of the quiet life that quiets others, and the presence of Christ is the assurance of peace when we realize it.

This is the mood in which Tennyson was that day when he looked through Lockyer's telescope at the star-cluster in Perseus. As he turned away from a long look through the tube, he said, "One doesn't think much of the county families after that!" No, one does not. The county families seem to be less important than they were, at least less charged with unsettling and annoying power. The arching heavens are overhead, the great ongoing forces are all about, Christ is in the midst and there is reason for a great peace.

Herein lies the cure of our fretting over petty annoyances. A larger presence is here to overshadow them. As when a dear friend comes into the home and we so rejoice in his presence that we feel it unworthy and impossible to chafe over little things made the smaller by his inspiration. And when we read our daily annoyances as elements in a service which we are rendering to Him whose presence dignifies life, they cease to be petty, they cease to be so annoying. We rise from the friction of daily life into its freshness and power.

—From "His Peace," by Cleland Boyd McAfee. Article copyrighted by F. H. Revell Company.

SALARIES FOR HOME WORK.

A boy leaves school or college, according to his father's means and position, at anywhere from 14 to 24 years old. He goes to work. No matter how industrious and energetic or how lazy and useless he proves to be, so long as he remains on his employer's books he is paid every week or month a definite amount of money. This is his. He may live at home and pay his board or, at first hand all he earns over to his parents, but it is his definitely received wages.

His sister leaves school and her father does not want her to go to work; he feels he can support his daughter or he wants her to help her mother. No matter how useful and efficient or how idle and helpless the girl is, she has no money of her own.

Her father, it is true, gives her from time to time a dollar or perhaps five dollars to buy something she wants or needs. The money in many cases is given generously and pleasantly, in others grudgingly, with grumbling or perhaps scolding. In some cases it is begged or fought for by the girl or her mother. But always the money is given, not paid.

Now, what incentive has a girl to spend wisely in these circumstances? What is there but her own sense of right to make her economical? Suppose she comes of a family where $5 is a large sum; suppose she sees a hat she likes for that price. She may know that she could and should buy a hat for 50 cents and trim it herself for 40 cents, but if she can get the $5 from her father, why should she not? She will not get the remaining $4.10 otherwise. It will remain in her father's pocket, to be smoked up perhaps or even drunk up, or spent, at all events, in some way of no interest to her. Many wives also find themselves in this case. It is in these circumstances that many women go outside the home to work.

Now if a daughter lives at home, her father expects to pay for her clothes. Why should he not pay her a definite sum, necessarily small, perhaps, at a definite time, for certain definite work to be performed by her? He would be no poorer and she would be contented and self-respecting.

A girl says to her father: "You say you are willing to spend $25 for this trip that I want to take, but if I decide not to take the trip you will not give me the $25 in place of it."

This father, just and generous in many ways, could not understand why a woman of 25 might want some money of her own. Yet this daughter has been her mother's right hand for many years. The father would not have expected his own son to work in his store contentedly, year after year, for his board and an uncertain amount of clothes and pocket money. Why should he have expected a similar thing of his daughter?—By a woman, in New York Times.

For The Children.

TWO LITTLE IMPS.

I'm a pretty good girl as little girls go,
But my mother says—and I guess it's so—
That two little imps sometimes get hold of me,
And make me as troublesome as can be.
This is the way of it: Yesterday
I flew downstairs "like a flash," they say,
Or "like a blue streak" (though red or blue,
I never yet saw a streak that flew).
Well, the band was parading up the street,
And the fifer blew and the big drum beat,
So down I raced—and there came the cook
With a tray full of dishes! 'n' I didn't look,

And smash went the teacups—one—two—three!
And that was Imp-et-u-os-i-ty!
And the other imp—oh, that's worse yet!
I try to remember, but I forget;
It comes so quick on its little wings,
And buzzes about, and darts, and stings!
This is the way of it: Just today
Baby came out to watch us play,
Helen and me. We were having tea
Down under the old horsechestnut tree;
And when we weren't looking, up he slipped
And spilled the sugar and cream, and tipped
Over the teapot, and ate the cake.
And I—I gave him the awfulest shake!
He's so little, and cunning, too;

And don't understand, like big folks do.
And I was as'shamed as I could be;
For that was Imp-a-tience! Oh, dear me!
—Frances Moore Geiger.

A RAINY DAY EXPERIENCE.

Betty was dashing out of the house with her usual impetuosity when Nancy's warning voice recalled her. Nancy was much older than Betty,—in fact, almost thirteen,—so Betty had to stop and listen.

"Where are your rubbers, Betty?"

Betty looked down at her patent-leather clad feet.

"I don't know!"

"Mother said you weren't to go out into the snow without them, you know."

Betty slammed the door shut and rushed upstairs. Then she whirled things round her room for some little time, and finally emerged from her closet with a rubber in each hand.

"I'm putting on my rubbers, Mother dear, she said virtuously, as she met Mrs. Darrell in the hall.

"Run, child, or you'll be late," said her mother, kissing the rosy face, "and tomorrow's a holiday."

Betty found the girls in her class planning great things for the next day's respite from study. They were all feeling very friendly to the father of their country, to whom they owed—well, I don't mean their country, though of course they did, in a way, but their holiday.

Miss Wilson, their teacher, took the occasion more seriously. She was a hero-worshipper, was Miss Wilson, and George Washington's portrait, handsomely framed, was on the school-room wall, flanked by smaller pictures of minor celebrities, such as Emerson, Washington Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, and others.

"She's going to give us that cherry-tree stunt again," murmured Betty to Hilda Clark, her desk mate, as they settled down for "Literachoor," as some of the class termed the last lesson for the day. "We'll decide on cocoa, don't you think, for supper?"

But for a wonder Miss Wilson did not give them "the cherry-tree stunt." Instead she asked them to suppose what might have happened if George Washington had denied having performed the "stunt" in question. The class sat up. They usually did when Miss Wilson asked them to "think what would have happened" which was one of her favorite ways of teaching.

Various suggestions were offered:—

"He'd have caught it from his father, when he did find out."

"He'd have felt so mean!"

"He'd have said something that wasn't true the next time, because you get into habits like that."

"I think," said the teacher, "that by speaking the truth, he just climbed up to a plane that made speaking truth a very easy habit, and truth in word led on to truth in deed. Think what 'truth in deed' means, girls! Doing the right thing, which is the wise thing and"—

"Is it always the successful thing?" demanded Clara Bird. Clara's questions were generally admired by her friends, for they sometimes posed Miss Wilson.

"That depends on what we understand by 'success,'" replied the teacher. "Sometimes an apparent failure leads to a later, and bigger, success. I think history teaches us that in the long run George Washington was always successful. But the point I want to make to-day is this. The habit of truthfulness helps you up to a plane where truth in deed follows truth in word. So, girls, why not climb?"

Between a critical discussion of the merits of the lesson and an altercation as to the respective virtues of cocoa and hot lemonade as beverages, Betty forgot her rubbers. As the snow was very dry, however, it happened that her feet did not get wet, and, when her pretty patent leathers were wiped quite dry, and she had warmed and put on her house slippers, she gave the lost rubbers no further thought. Betty had to be extra careful, owing to a predisposition to sore throat that she was fortunately outgrowing.

The next day drew regretful "oh's" from a great many young people. The snow was melting fast, a little drizzling rain was falling from a densely cloudy sky, and the outdoor sports seemed doomed, Betty's class had settled on a paper chase, with supper, on a co-operative plan, at Betty's home.

"You can't go dear," said Betty's mother, gently, but firmly, "not unless the sun comes out."

Rather to Betty's surprise, the sun did come out. So she stopped her mother just as Mrs. Darrell and Nancy were starting off on a round of afternoon calls with little packages for some invalids, including four children at an adjacent hospital.

"See? It's shining quite hard! So I can go?"

"Very well," said her mother, turning on the doorstep. "Wrap up well, and don't forget your rubbers. Good-bye."

Not till the door had closed did Betty remember that her rubbers were safely locked up in the deserted school-house!

For a few minutes she stood, tears gathering in her eyes

Then she began to feel very angry. Why should her whole afternoon be spoiled—the very last holiday until Easter—for a pair of ridiculous, unnecessary, trivial, empty rubbers!

Her cheeks grew so hot that her tears were dried, as she determined that she would go on that paper chase!

First she made a really conscientious search for somebody else's rubbers. There might be an old pair of Nancy's in the attic. Alas! The attic had been tidied by Nancy herself, in the fervor of a New Year's resolution to help mother more, and the old shoes and rubbers had all been disposed of. Nothing that would cover her feet could be found anywhere. Betty had the sense to put on two pairs of stockings, and then—she went out.

For a time she also had the sense to pick out the driest parts of the road. But, as the hares (Betty was a hound) led far and wide, she cast care to the winds in her desire to run them down. So it happened that, when Betty reached home not long before her mother and Nancy returned, both pairs of stockings were as wet as if they had just been washed!

It was the work of a moment to find dry hosiery, and the house slippers had been leaning against the radiator all the afternoon. Betty shivered a little as she changed her dress; but she was dry, neat, and eminently sane of appearance by the time mother and Nancy had taken off their rubbers.

"Are you quite all right, Betty, feet dry?" inquired Mrs. Darrell, anxiously. "When I saw what the ground was like, I did wish I had told you to stay at home."

"I'm quite dry, mother dear," said Betty.

"Her rubbers were new," added Nancy, reassuringly.

'That was my one comfort," said Mrs. Darrell. Betty winced a little. She was still feeling very shivery, and she

sat down by the radiator. The zest seemed gone from the evening festivity, somehow. Then, too, Miss Wilson's words kept singing themselves in her head,—"Up to a plane." She kept visualizing that plane. It was a nice path, and she wasn't on it. Instead, she was down on a muddy, snowy, cold, uncomfortable road well below the plane. She shivered again. Nancy sprang to her side.

"Are you cold, dear?" she asked, anxiously. They were always a little anxious about Betty.

She put her hand to her sister's scarlet cheek as their mother crossed over to them.

"No," she said, looking at Mrs. Darrell. "Her face is quite hot."

Mrs. Darrell touched the said face, and then sat down.

"Betty dear," she said in the persuasive voice she always used when she wanted Betty to go to bed, "did you get wet?"

"My skirt was quite dry," said Betty. The plane moved higher up, and she wanted so much to get on it.

"Her feet couldn't have got wet, you know" added Nancy, "with those perfectly new rubbers."

They didn't ask Betty if she had worn them. So she didn't have to say a word that was not true. Then why did the plane seem so far above her? She suddenly thought of yesterday's lesson and of the picture,—the benevolent, calm, wise face of the man who was truly the leader of so many, up to that plane where he walked in peace.

Then Betty gave a leap, and landed on the plane.

"I didn't wear my rubbers," she said. "I left them at school." She burst suddenly into tears, though she laughed, too. "I'm so sorry, mother dear. But don't worry about me. I'm on the 'Plane.' "

Betty, lying, oh, so comfortably in her white bed, with the doctor's assurance that it was a very light attack, and she would be all right in a day or two, could hear the sounds of revelry below. There had been no time to put off the party, and Nancy had come most nobly to the rescue. Betty realized that she was happier lying down than she could possibly be standing up! But the thought that brought most peace was that she hadn't tried to deceive her mother; that she hadn't even waited till a direct question put the bald alternatives—truth or a lie—before her. She had chosen before she was driven up against a wall. She felt that she could face that handsome portrait that Miss Wilson admired so without any shame. "I admire him, too," she murmured sleepily. "And I'll always—imitate—him."

So she fell asleep, and dreamed of walking beside the first President on a flowery "Plane."—Frances Harmer, in Christian Register.

A LITTLE STORY OF A NEST.

Early one springtime two happy robins built their nest of mud and grass in an old apple-tree that grew in a lane. It was not as fine as some nests that I have seen, but it was the best nest in the world for robins. Their pretty blue eggs lay safe within it, and, when by and by their baby birds were hatched, it cradled them as snugly as a mother bird could wish.

Before very long the little robins learned to fly and then the cradle nest was left empty and lonely.

"It is of no use now, and I will blow it away," and the wind one day; but the old apple-tree held the nest in its branches and would not let it go.

It was still in the tree when the days began to grow short and cold, and a little white-footed field mouse who needed a comfortable winter home spied it there.

"I'll run up and see how it looks inside," he said to himself, and he climbed the tree and went into the nest as nimbly as a squirrel.

His two round eyes were sharp and bright, and he knew a good home when he saw it.

"Just the place for me," he said at once; and he set to work to roof the nest over with sticks and leaves, for field mice like to have their homes well covered.

"Squeak! squeak!" he cried with delight when the last twig was in place. "I shall sleep here as snug as the birds themselves"; and he moved into the nest that very day.

The robins had flown far away from the lane by this time; but if they could have seen a mouse in their nest, oh, how surprised they would have been!—Maud Lindsay, in Kindergarten Review.

MILLS COLLEGE

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast.

Suburbs of Oakland, California.

Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. Students fitted to teach regular lines of academic work and Home Economics. Special advantages offered in music, are and library study. Well-equipped laboratories, modern gymnasium. Provision for out-door life and amusements. Christian influences, non-sectarian. Courses so arranged that students may enter either semester. Semesters open in August and January. President Luella Clay Carson, A.M., Litt.D., LL.D. For catalogue address Registrar, Mills College P. O., California.

POMONA COLLEGE

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

A Christian College of High Standards and Fine Equipment, in an Ideal Location.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlet Address, THE SECRETARY.

Pacific Theological Seminary

—Located at—

Berkeley.

Seat of the University of California. Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Next year opens August 19, 1913. Address President, C. S. Nash, D. D.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by the State Board of Education.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.

Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.

Address: 1617 California St., Room 7, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Franklin 2827.

A Congregational minister, the father of six-year-old twin boys, was obliged to send one from the table for misbehavior. The little fellow was sitting crestfallen on a chair in an adjoining room when the maid entered. Upon spying him she said, "Oh, Billie, I'd be ashamed to be sent away from the table, as big a boy as you are, too." Billie, with flashing eyes, drew himself up saying, "Well, you wouldn't if you'd known this family as long as I have."—The Delineator.